

## DROPPED FROM SANTA'S PACK



### The Christmas Tableau

By Christopher G. Hazard

**J**OHNSON'S boy could have whatever he wanted but his father had forgotten something. When Mr. Wilson was a boy himself he had often lingered by the baker's window on his way to school and resolved that when he had become a man and had made his fortune he would buy out the baker and have all the pie he wanted; but now, with all his money and all his manhood he had lost his taste for pie and could pass the baker's shop without noticing the tempting display. Mr. Wilson had forgotten that.

It was plain that he had forgotten it, for he had taken John Junior down to the great store on Pearl street and had told him that he could have for his Christmas celebration anything or everything that he saw there, and when his son had looked things over rather carelessly without wanting anything, he had been surprised. The fact was, however, that Junior, like his father, had already had too much to desire anything further. Junior had never known what it is to be hungry without supply. He had never even had to cry for things. He had lived under an outpouring cornucopia from his first gold spoon all the way on, without the joy of making a cart out of two wheels, an axle and a board, or a heehouse with the remains of a variety of old packing boxes. So that it was very difficult, indeed, to devise a new sensation for young Wilson or kindle a new desire.

With the posturing group of entertainers performing on the snow-covered lawn before the house, however, it was different. They struck attitudes, formed figures, chased each other about, and gave their whole program of tableau with an eye on the following collection and under the inspiration of the hope that it would be a large one. They'd never outgrown a wish or known the full satisfaction of one, their appetites were always keen,



Lingered by the Baker's Window.

and their enjoyment of their small portion of fortune's favors was greater than all the fun that John Wilson and his son together could get out of life.

The entertainment did bring one new thing into the rich monotony of the Wilson household, however—that of giving a Christmas party to some who would appreciate it and of thus obtaining a new experience for themselves.

The tableau performers were the first to receive invitations, and they were authorized to each invite five of their friends, so that the company that gathered at the Wilson party was

a large, as well as a motley one. The selection of the presents had given Junior a sudden and new interest and pleasure at the big store, for the choosing of gifts for others was a novelty to him, and anticipation of their happy surprises had filled his mind with gladness. It was with a real welcome and a hearty handshake that he greeted his guests.

At first the company was rather overwhelmed by the splendors of the Wilson house. Its rich furnishings and dazzling lights made such contrasts that the boys and girls felt out of place and conspicuous. But after the unwinding of the cobweb, the strands of which led each one to a hidden gift, and when the games had made them forgetful of themselves, the joy of it all got into their feet and made them dance, the delight of it all made them sing, and they gathered about the big Christmas tree that beamed and twinkled in a corner of the parlor with an eager expectancy that made Junior a very happy Santa Claus, as he distributed his favors. Then, when the table had been cleared of its dainty refreshments, the leader said that they wanted to give some



A Little Girl Responds.

indoor tableaux for their hosts before they went.

So he called first for Madame Melba, and a little girl responded with all the aplomb of a prima donna. Then Signor Caruso assumed a kindly attitude and looked upon the assembly with as much as he could assume of dignity. He was followed by Sir Harry Lauder, who added to his posture a verse of "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning." This seemed to suggest the idea of going to bed first, and there was whispering about returning home, but one of the guests said they must have a song from Santa Claus before they went. This rather alarmed Junior at first, but he rose to it with a line or two from "Old King Cole Was a Merry Old Soul," which satisfied the demand. Then they all joined hands in a ring and sang the Christmas carol, "Away in a Manger," and so ended the Wilson party.

As the happy shouts lingered on the Christmas wind the Wilson family presented a tableau themselves. Mr. Wilson stood by the window, looking after the departing children. Junior seemed arrested in the act of giving away the joy of the Christmas tree, while his mother paused by the table that gleamed with silver, seeming to feel again a forgotten gladness. The party left such an imprint upon the Wilsons' hearts that they have never since tried to have a Christmas to themselves.

### GIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

**D**ON'T mind what your looking-glass tells you! She is prejudiced in your favor and she'll cherish your photograph and tell you it doesn't really quite do you justice. So have it taken and give it to her for Christmas. The camera has stood many a shock and will doubtless stand many more to come.

## Christmas Times of Long Ago

**T**IS CHRISTMAS Eve! Turn low the lights; let quivering shadows fall  
Athwart the curtained windows there, and play along the wall.  
Lay work aside! 'Tis time for rest; 'tis time to put away  
The cares and trials that beset the weary hours of day.  
'Tis Christmas Eve! Quick, stir the fire,  
And in its ruddy glow  
We'll live again those happy hours  
Of Christmas times of long ago!

We'll walk again the old-time paths; the old-time friends we'll meet;  
And to the old-time homes of youth we'll trip with merry feet.  
And hand in hand, and heart to heart, we'll tread youth's golden ways,  
And live again the joyous hopes we lived in other days.  
The clock ticks on; its pendulum  
Swings softly to and fro;  
And every tick a memory brings  
Of Christmas times of long ago.

And so another Christmas comes. We linger in the gloom  
While ghostly forms of childhood's friends troop in and fill the room.  
No words we speak. To memory's view come visions thick and fast,  
And for an hour we live again the dear days of the past.  
Old Time the tide of life turns back,  
And on its ebbing flow  
We glide again through golden hours  
Of Christmas times of long ago!

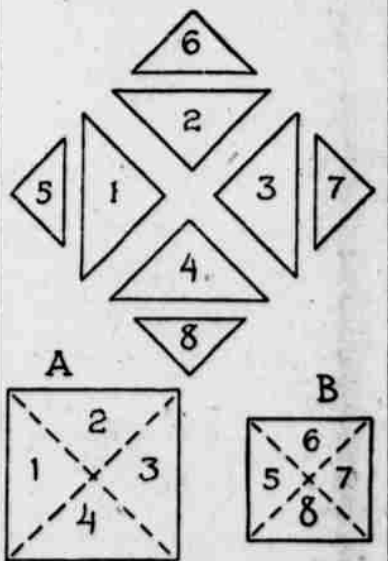
### A JOLLY SCRAP-BOOK

By MARTHA B. THOMAS

**J**OLLY scrap-books for children who are unfortunate in being ill in hospitals at Christmas time—or in any other place, for that matter—may be made of bright-colored advertisements pasted on cloth. Dark-green cambric makes an excellent background. If it is cut in rectangles of 18 inches by 13 and folded once through the center of the longest side, you have then four large pages for your book. Three of these rectangles make a respectable showing and give enough space for many pictures.

The brighter advertisements the better, and if you can think of a funny name to paste underneath each one, the children will squal with delight. Sometimes variation may be gained by cutting the pictures in outline, if the figures are large enough. Covers of magazines often afford good material.

A pretty cover for your book may be arranged by cutting small squares into triangles, using the gummed paper



To Decorate Christmas Scrap-Book.

Christmas ribbon of different colors, furnished at all stores in the holiday season. Get as broad a ribbon as possible, cut it to make a square, then cut the square diagonally, i. e., from corner to corner. You will then have four triangles of equal size. Cut another square of smaller size in the same way, giving you four additional triangles. These eight pieces can then be arranged as fancy dictates to make a decoration in the center of your cover. One such simple arrangement is shown.

Of course these triangles need to be moistened and stuck on the cover according to the plan of your design.

### Raisin Fluff.

Two cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful water, 1 stiffly beaten egg white, ½ cupful chopped raisins, ½ cupful chopped walnut meats, ½ teaspoonful vanilla. Boil sugar and water until it threads when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Pour on beaten egg white and beat until it holds its shape. Add raisins, nuts, salt and vanilla. Mix well. Drop from teaspoon on paraffine paper and set aside until cold.

### Buttermilk for the Face.

Buttermilk is a good substitute for a more costly face preparation. Let it dry on, then massage in to correct the drawing tendency and make the skin soft.

### The Christmas Fur Coat

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

**N**O ONE could understand the will. The old lady was even eccentric in the way she left her money. Among the many personal possessions she had mentioned had been that of her beautiful Russian sable fur coat, worth well into the thousands of dollars. This she had left to the old woman who had brought eggs to them from the country. It was to be given to the egg woman on the first Christmas after the old lady's death, and every Christmas after that she was to be given the interest on a sum of money, the principal of which was to be given to her when she reached a certain age, or before if she became ill.

"It's all very sensible except why in the world did granma leave that wonderful fur coat to that egg woman?" her grandchildren remarked. "Why, she won't know what to do with it. She's perfectly happy with an old ulster and a good warm sweater."

But they did not fail to carry out what their grandmother had wished, even though they could not understand.

Never was such a Christmas present received, and never was there such joy, for fairy tales had come true in a great and mighty swoop, and she, who had fancied never throughout her entire life to wear anything on her back that was luxurious, now gloried in her coat. And every week she went about selling eggs, so happy in wearing the superb coat. For old granma had understood more than any of them knew!

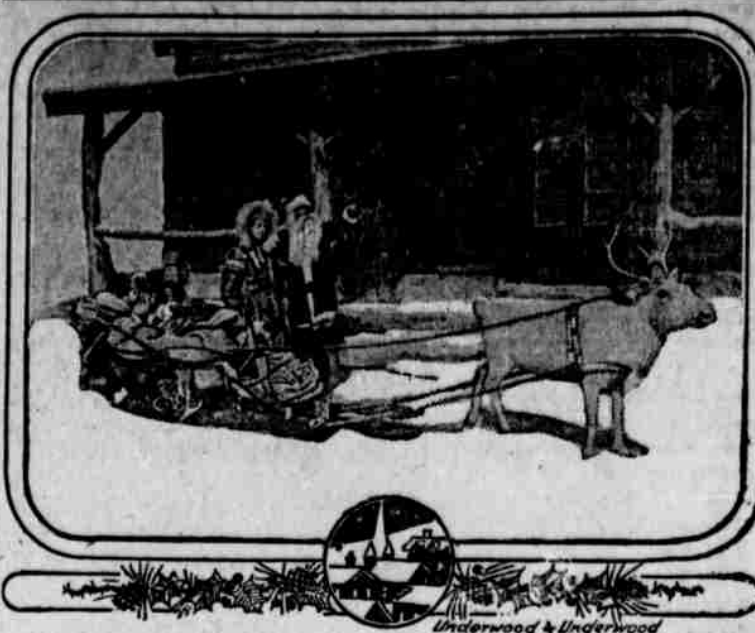
### Marshmallow Fudge.

If your marshmallows get a little stale before using up, try making marshmallow fudge. Put two cups granulated sugar and one cup milk in a saucepan and let the mixture come to a boil. Add one square and a half chocolate, grated, and two tablespoonfuls butter. Cook about ten minutes, then remove from the fire and beat until the fudge gets rather stiff, but not so stiff that it will not pour easily. Break marshmallows into several pieces, place in the bottom of a dish and pour the fudge over them.

### In Her Christmas Togs



## Santa's Special Delivery



### Christmas Charity

By Mary Graham Bonner

**H**ORACE had always loved Hilda. In the old days they had written letters to Santa Claus together. For they had been children together and Hilda was only eleven, when Horace first proposed to her.

Hilda promised to marry Horace when she grew up if he'd give her plenty of hot buttered popcorn and Christmas candy elephants in the meantime. It was a strain on Horace's slender allowance and it was not always easy to get candy elephants, but he succeeded on the whole.

There was something so nice about Hilda. She never made remarks as some girls did, and men too, for that matter, which were so annoying.

When she rang up on the telephone she did not say "Guess who's talking, now, just guess," and disguise her voice. She always considered whether a person might not very easily be busy, and so did not have what some considered a little joke.

There were some kinds of people Horace couldn't endure. There were those who said, for example: "If the lightning is going to strike you, it's going to strike you. It's absurd to say you're afraid of it."

Then there were those who would say in answer to a query about the temperature of the ocean and its condition for swimming:

"The water? Why, the water's wet." And then—expected him to laugh.

There were those who would say "How come," and expected to be put in a bright class, as though they'd said something startlingly original.

Then there were those who sent picture postcards of foreign places when



Had Written Santa Letters Together.

they really posted them from New York and Chicago and Seattle and Hokokus, New Jersey, and hoped that they could fool the receiver of the postcards that these cards had not been at one time gifts to them.

And he did dislike those who would say to him after he had had his last year's suit nicely sponged and pressed, "How that has worn! It has certainly done you good service, and it doesn't look bad at that!"

But especially he disliked and felt as though he could almost choke those who were given to telling others to count their blessings, while they moaned and groaned and whined and whimpered themselves at all times and about all things.

These were his special aversions, but Hilda was different. Hilda never fussed. Hilda was always sweet. Though Hilda did not, or had not as yet agreed to, marry him, and he had asked her many a time.

The second time Horace had proposed had been when Hilda was sixteen and they were sitting out the supper dance at one of the Christmas holiday parties. Horace was two years older than Hilda.

"I couldn't marry you," Hilda had said, "as you are really nothing but a child. I need a man more my own mental equal."

"But you're two years younger than I am," Horace had protested.

"True," Hilda had admitted, "but a woman is always so much older than a man." Hilda called herself a woman from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one.

Again and again Horace proposed. Hilda always put him off, but she always seemed to come back to him after each worrisome flirtation. Persistence and devotion were Horace's strong points, and every Christmas as he took her the yellow rosebuds, which was his choice of a Christmas bouquet, he proposed anew. It was Horace's annual declaration!

Hilda loved the flowers—the rosebuds were always so pretty and Horace had so much taste. Always in the center was a spray of holly, and they were tied with gay red ribbon. And



Hilda Always Put Him Off.

Hilda cared for Horace, too. But not enough, not quite enough.

When Hilda was twenty-five she almost yielded. Someone had that day asked Hilda her age. She had candidly admitted she was twenty-five.

Later in the afternoon she had heard that "if Hilda admitted to twenty-five she must at least be thirty-two." Hilda felt old then, discouraged. But she didn't quite accept Horace.

From then on Hilda's age was very uncertain. Horace was fearful, lest at first Hilda drop a year every year.

She could never claim eighteen, or even twenty, even though she was very young in appearance, bafflingly so.

Hilda had been thirty for the past three years now, and still Horace was around, admiring her, loving her, more and more all the time.

But the strain had almost been too much. Horace had loved Hilda a very long time. Hilda had taken a long time alone to become thirty. He would ask her once more to marry him, then he would go away, never to return he told himself dramatically.

"Hilda," he said to her as he gave her the Christmas bouquet for the—well, he wouldn't keep track of the number of times even in his mind—"I've told you how it is. I must know finally, tonight. I can't bear this any longer."

"Won't you marry me, my darling? Right away, without any more waiting? Can't we start out the new year together?"

"Can't we—my darling?"

And at last Horace knew bliss.

Shyly, sweetly, clingingly, and with such slow yielding awakening Hilda was in his arms, and as she lifted her lips to his she murmured:

"And you'll take care of me, won't you, Horace? And always be good to me? For I'm only a child, Horace dear, and I mustn't, I mustn't ever be disillusioned."

And Horace was filled with Christmas charity. He did not tell her of the time—a good many years back now—when she had told him he was too young for her!

For one thing, he was too happy.

And for another—he didn't think ages amounted to anything anyway. Everyone was as old or as young as they wanted to be!

Besides, at last Hilda had consented to marry him. He could afford Christmas charity.

For he was filled with Christmas cheer and a great and wonderful happiness.